

MR GENNISTERS CHRISTMAS

The Conversion of a Dry Old Bachelor.

WISH you a pleasant journey," Mr. Gennister, and a merry Christmas!

Mr. Gennister turned slowly toward his new clerk, a fair, sunny-faced young fellow with a cold and stony stare. "I do not expect to have a pleasant journey," he said. "And I do not believe in Christmas."

Young Mortimer, the new clerk, looked blankly at his employer and said no more. When the door closed behind Mr. Gennister's departing figure, Tom, the office boy, laughed. "Say, Mr. Mortimer, when you've been with him as long as I have, you won't be wishing him a pleasant journey—or a merry Christmas, either!"

"I'll wish him both!" young Mortimer said, sturdily. "And I hope he'll have a merry Christmas, in spite of himself!"

Mr. Gennister's journey from the city to the suburbs of that small New England town was no more pleasant than he had foreseen. It was a long and tiresome journey, followed by a cold drive through the darkness, for it was nearly eight o'clock before he reached the lonely, old-fashioned house which once had been his home.

For some reason, Mr. Gennister had never cared to part with this house, which through the entire year was left in charge of an old servant, who kept it always ready for his immediate return, though every year he went back to it for shorter periods and at longer intervals. But he had chosen to come to it now on the night before Christmas, to get away from the annoyance of the holiday fuss and the air of general festivity which he disliked so much, and which for some days would pervade the entire city. It was a nuisance, a foolishness, an interruption to business, and he would have none of it! And the sooner that Young Mortimer learned his opinions about such things, the better!

As Mr. Gennister approached his old home he noted with satisfaction the flare on the window panes, which told of a blazing log fire in his particular den. But his satisfaction was marred when he was greeted in the hallway by his old servant, old cloaked and bonneted and with a tearful face.

"How are ye, Mr. Gennister, it's well ye are lookin', sir. But to think of yer havin' come home just when me duty is callin' me two ways I don't know what ye'll say to me, sir—but me daughter over to Westley has been took ill suddenly an' Lem has drove over to fetch me, an' is waitin' at the back door this minute, sir—so I must be goin' at once. I've set out yer supper, sir, an' yer breakfast, too—all but the coffee—if ye'll just be good enough to make that for yerself? An' me niece, Ellen, will be over in the mornin', sir, I've sent her a postcard in the mail, an' she'll take care of ye an' the house, sir, till I return."

He had poked his head into three empty bedrooms before he came to Jane's, in the middle of whose ample feathered bed a wee figure was curled up, fast asleep. At the bed's foot a limp little stocking hung empty and forlorn.

While Mr. Gennister was looking at it the little figure squirmed and suddenly sat up. Two little fists rubbed open two sleepy eyes and then the small boy crept rapidly on all fours to the foot of the bed and felt the stocking—empty!

There was a surprised and pitiful quiver on the lip. Then the child raised his head and caught sight of Mr. Gennister's short, stout figure, clad in long lounging robe and cap, and the boy no longer felt either grief or doubt.

"O Santa Claus, fill up my 'tockin'!" he cried, tossing up his arms. "Willie been good boy!"

Instantly—for some unknown reason—Mr. Gennister blew out the lamp. The silence was broken by a sleepy chuckle from the bed as the child snuggled back among the warm coverings. Then there was a mixed-up murmur of "Santa Claus—'tockin'—good boy," followed by a contented, sleepy sigh, after which, with noiseless step, Mr. Gennister withdrew.

Back again in his warm sitting-room he sat staring at the fire. He—of all men on earth—had been mistaken for Santa Claus! He laughed grimly—it was so strange a joke! Queer that even a child could believe such nonsense. What fools grown people were to teach them such rubbish—or to countenance it! How many children would be disappointed in the morning, how many heartaches would be caused by that ridiculous myth—that cruel deceit of "Santa Claus." Now, there was that little chap upstairs—

And Mr. Gennister felt sorry, felt positively uncomfortable as he thought of the bitter grief which would come to that child on his awakening.

At last he got up and put on his coat and overcoat. It was not a long walk to the village and he felt, since he had given Jane such short notice of his coming, that he owed it to her to get a few toys for the youngster—who

and Mr. Gennister actually had to play the nurse!

Afterward Mr. Gennister played cook and made the coffee. Then the two breakfasted together with Noah and his wife, for guests, standing between them on the table.

But it was after breakfast that the fun really began. Evidently Willie had never seen tenpins before, so Mr. Gennister set them up and showed him how to play with them. And Willie enjoyed the companionship so much that after that he would not play alone with anything!

As long as Mr. Gennister sat on the floor and rolled the balls, Willie would fetch and carry and set up the pins and chatter in perfect delight. But when Mr. Gennister drew his chair up by the fire and tried to read, Willie insisted upon climbing on his knee and putting his chubby face between the reader's eyes and the printed page.

Commands and persuasions were of no avail, and at last Mr. Gennister gave in and went back to his place upon the floor, and so it was that Ellen found them.

She was amazed, of course, and asked that Mr. Gennister should have been so bothered by "the boy." And she immediately carried the child away to her own domain—the kitchen. But Willie had no mind to give up his new-found playmate, and watching his opportunity he slipped away from Ellen and reappeared at "Mittler Gennister's" side.

Mr. Gennister put down his book and looked with some amusement at the persistent child. But Ellen had nuzzled him, and quickly arrived upon the scene, whereupon Willie set up a howl and clung to Mr. Gennister with all his force.

"There, leave him with me, Ellen. He'll be good in here, and you go get the dinner," said the master. And the maid departed, marveling.

Oh, but Willie had a royal time that day, and Mr. Gennister had some good exercise—and some new sensations, too! They dined together as they had breakfasted, with Noah and his family. And then, after Ellen had everything washed up and put away, she appeared, all cloaked and ready to take Master Willie home.

It was difficult to persuade him to



CULTURE OF LENTILS.

It is Now Being Given a Trial in Our Southwestern Territories and Elsewhere.

The plant herewith illustrated is the lentil, known scientifically as *Lens esculenta*. It is a small branching plant with delicate pedicel leaves. The small white flowers growing in pairs are followed by flat pods, each containing two very flat round seeds, convex on both sides. Unlike the pea and bean, the lentil is eaten only when fully ripe. The brown or reddish lentil is smaller than the yellow, but of more delicate flavor. The lentil is one of the most ancient of food plants, probably one of the first to be brought under cultivation by man. It has been grown from early times in Asia and



in the Mediterranean countries. The reddish Egyptian lentil probably furnished the "red pottage" of Esau. In Europe this legume is far less grown than the pea and bean, partly because its yield of seed and straw is less; therefore the market is partially supplied from Egypt. The lentil, according to analysis, is one of the most nutritious of all the legumes, but its flavor is pronounced and to some persons not as agreeable as that of the pea and bean. It has sometimes been claimed that indigestion and other bad effects followed the eating of lentils, but this impression is known in some cases to be traceable to the use of certain poisonous vetches, whose seed much resembles the lentil. There is every reason to consider the lentil a wholesome food. Until recent years the lentil was little known in the United States, but with the growth of the foreign population its use has steadily increased. The lentils found in our markets are all imported, but the culture of this legume with European seeds is being tried in our southwestern territories and elsewhere. There is already grown in New Mexico and Arizona, as well as in Mexico, a small variety of lentil, the seed of which was doubtless brought from Spain centuries ago by the ancestors of the present mixed race living there. The sandy soil of moderate fertility seems adapted to it; it has become acclimated, is hardy and prolific.—Farmers' Review.

POTATOES FOR SEED.

They Should Be Selected with Care and Stored Away Where Frost Cannot Reach Them.

With the scarcity of potatoes, next year's seed will be quite an item, says a writer in the Twentieth Century Farmer. You can safely use very small potatoes for seed. In the first place, they should be ripe and free from scab. A potato the size of a small hulled walnut, or even smaller, is better for early potatoes if planted whole than larger potatoes that have to be, or should be, cut before planting, as the whole small potato will not rot from spring wet like the cut ones will, and you are sure of a better crop. You must care for your seed right if you expect a good, or the best, crop possible. Select your potatoes and bury them on dry ground. Cover first with straw and ground, when freezing weather comes, more straw and then a good thick coat of ground, and when severe freezing comes put on a good overcoat of horse manure. If you store in cellar don't put them in salt barrels. In spring take them out before they sprout and lay them single thickness on some floor where they will start a few strong sprouts each. Be sure to have them where they will not freeze and you need not plant till soil is in good condition for planting. Your potatoes should be treated with care and ahead of potatoes planted the usual way by planting them after starting long, thin, white sprouts. Potatoes treated as I have described will have short, thick, stubby green sprouts if they have had the daylight they should have. I have seen and practiced that method for nearly 30 years and know whereof I speak.

Winter Work in the Orchard. There is much work in the orchard that can be done in winter. Among other things the blighted limbs of the pear tree may be cut off and burned. This is especially necessary if any of the blight is still in the sap wood. Later investigations seem to show that limbs that have died of blight are really not dangerous, the fungus having also died. The danger is in the sap wood that is still affected, but is still alive. In that the disease germs are kept alive and are ready to be transported to other trees when the proper time comes in the spring.—Farmers' Review.

Horseshoeing is just as palatable in December and January as in April and May. Dig some and bury it in sand and get out a root occasionally through the winter, and see how nice fresh-grated horseshoeing goes.

Lapels Retained. Women are buying pretty odds and ends to fix up their gowns until such time as the gentler weather makes frocks imperative. A dash of plaid smartens the jacket lapels of one black dress that has done good service. The plaid is satin, and its colors are white, black, canary and old blue. A black satin folded belt, large jet buttons, a black plaited chiffon vest, black satin collar, with white satin high fold, black satin frill around the lapels, complete the renovation.—St. Louis Republic.

The Home Sacred in Corea. The rooms of a Corean woman are as sacred to her as a shrine is to its image—indeed, the rooms of a wife or mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime, he cannot be forced to leave those rooms, and so long as he remains under the protection of his wife and his wife's apartments he is secure from the officers of the law and from the penalties of his misdeeds.—Chicago Tribune.

Battle of Long Island. Two tablets commemorating the battle of Long Island are to be placed on Brooklyn houses shortly. One will be on an old stone building, now used as a tailor shop, which stands where the Cortelyou house was at the time of the battle; the other, a little further along in Third avenue, in the sidewalk, where were buried soldiers who fell in the action. These soldiers were of Maryland.—Chicago Chronicle.

Spelled by Thoughtlessness. The best way to make a child good is to expect good things from him. How many children are ruined by hearing from the lips of their mother or nurses words that come thoughtlessly. "Naughty child!" I have heard a little boy proclaim as an excuse for his misdeeds: "I can't help it. I'm naughty." He had been convinced that it was of no use to try to be good.—Woman's Home Companion.

Not a Leap Year. The year 1900 is not a leap year, because although divisible by 4, it is not divisible by 400. The year 2000 will be a leap year, although it is a century year, because it is divisible by 400. The arbitrary exception thus made in the case of century years makes the Gregorian calendar year correspond with the solar year.—Albany Argus.

Had Tried It Before. Pavenway—"Don't you think the other side of the street would be better walking?"

De Solate—"It looks like it."

Pavenway—"Then, why not go over there?"

De Solate—"No use, it's always better walking on the other side.—N. Y. Truth.

Plenty of Reasons. The Judge—"Have you anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?"

Teddy O'Reilly—"Faith, yer honor, Oi have seven distinct reasons, my wan of which would convince meself if Oi was only yer honor.—N. Y. Tribune.

Where He Learned. "Why, John, where did you learn to carve so nicely?" asked Mrs. Hightone Uppercrust, whose footman had carved a turkey.

"I used to be a chipmunk on the Bowery, ma'am," replied John, proudly.—Tammany Times.

Tit for Tat. "I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's cakes and couldn't.

"I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks. "I'd get a few feathers for my hat then."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Touch of Nature. Mrs. Jorkins—"This book on natural history says that seals sometimes shed tears just like men."

Jorkins—"Yes. Just like men who have to pay for seal skin jackets.—N. Y. Truth.

Her Ideal. Vinnie—"Missie will never marry until she meets her ideal."

Vietta—"What is her ideal?"

"A man who will propose."—Glasgow Times.

CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. Unable to Stand For Months Because of Sprained Ankles.

From the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Among the thousands of voluntary endorsements of the great value of St. Jacobs Oil for sprains, stiffness, and soreness, is that of Mrs. C. Thomas, of Alexandria, Va., who writes: "I suffered from a severe sprain of my right ankle, and was unable to stand for several months. The pain I suffered was most severe, and nothing that I used helped me until I applied St. Jacobs Oil, when they immediately became better, and in a short time I was able to go about, and soon after I was quite cured. I am now determined to advise all persons suffering from pain to use this wonderful remedy, which did so much for me."

Mrs. Thomas does not enlighten us as to what treatment she pursued during the months she was unable to stand, and during which time she was suffering so much, but we venture to guess that had she called in any well known medical man he would have at once prescribed St. Jacobs Oil, for it has conquered pain upwards of fifty years, and doctors know there is nothing so good. The proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil have been awarded twelve gold medals by the most eminent medical exhibitions as the premium pain-killing remedy of the world. The committees who made the awards were in each instance composed largely of the most eminent medical men of the time. Mrs. Thomas evidently did know the high opinion in which St. Jacobs Oil is held by almost every progressive medical man.

Just About Right. "What is a promoter, Jim?"

"Well, a promoter is one of those fellows that can sell you a colander for a wash basin."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Best for the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy, natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

"Pop, what is a driving rain?" "Why, a driving rain, my boy, I suppose, is a rain that drives you indoors."—Yonkers Statesman.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. C. C. C.

Sometimes a man is judged by his appearance and sometimes by his disappearance.—Chicago Daily News.

PURMAN FADELESS DYES are the brightest, fastest and easiest to use.

Bill—"Old Skinfink says his first dollar was the hardest to get." Jill—"Yes; and the last is the hardest to give up."—Yonkers Statesman.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh—a Congressman's Letter.



Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters all over the United States. A recommendation recently received from a Catholic Institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 8, 1901.
Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:
Dear Sir:—The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured. SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good results as the above letter testifies.

SISTERS OF CHARITY

All Over United States Use Pe-ru-na for Catarrh.

From a Catholic Institution in Ohio comes the following recommendation from the Sister Superior:

"Some years ago a friend of our institution recommended to us Dr. Hartman's Peruna as an excellent remedy for the influenza of which we then had several cases which threatened to be of a serious character."

"We began to use it and experienced such wonderful results that since then Peruna has become our favorite medicine for influenza, catarrh, cold, cough and bronchitis."

SISTER SUPERIOR.
Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and per-

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